

## to want you and wait by drippingcandie

**Series:** [think of all the luck you've got \[2\]](#)

**Category:** IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M, Richie-centric, Shameless!AU, Slow Burn, oh and, that's a lot of characters but, trigger warnings at the beginning of each chapter

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Patricia Blum, Richie Tozier, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Beverly Marsh/Patricia Uris (Background), Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon/Eddie Kaspbrak (Background), Georgie Denbrough/OMC (Background), Will Byers/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

richie tozier is on top of the world...well, the most on top he has been in two years. he manages a restaurant, flipped and sold a laundromat, and now owns a whole apartment building. none of the tenants are too fond of him, but then he runs into the charismatic will byers.

he doesn't even want to know how this one will end.

## to want you and wait

### Author's Note:

tw: mentions of recreational drug use, a second of associating gender with genitals

also, welcome back!!!!!! this fic can stand alone, but a lot of characterization of the losers is done in "starry eyed for you"

“Hello? Mr. Henderson? It’s your new landlord! Could you come to the door please?”

If anyone had asked Richie Tozier where he thought he would be a year ago and a half ago, he would’ve never guessed he’d be a landlord. Six months of wallowing had set him back quite a bit in the grand scheme of things, but after that he didn’t let any sort of guy or girl or person get in his way of succeeding again.

He didn’t really like to talk about the wallowing anyway. What he did pride himself in was the property he had flipped across the street from his work. An old laundromat that he may or may have not remodeled with the help of five laborers who worked for free (and a fourteen year old asshole to commentate). Some gentrifying, top-notch man, who owned a good percentage of the South Side, ended up paying him a pretty penny for it.

And he supposes that is how he ended up with this shitty building.

Richie had only shown up today to introduce himself to all the tenants. He didn’t want to seem unfriendly or unapproachable because he is one hundred percent sure that these people could make

his life a living hell. The empty apartment on the first floor, the one right next to Mr. Henderson's, wouldn't be a concern until next week at the earliest.

"He's not gonna answer you, you know." A voice pipes up from above him.

Richie looks up to see a man peeking over the bannister, and when they make eye contact, said man begins to work his way down the stairs. He seems pretty methodical in the way he steps, as if one of the stairs will collapse beneath him. Richie doesn't doubt it.

This building is a little old, and he may or may have not slept with someone at some business social to get it. Now, that wasn't really his intent at all. Just an upside, he supposes, of upping his standards a little bit. He went from lying con artists to lying property owners. There was nowhere to go but up, if he really was feeling optimistic.

Richie raises his eyebrows. "And why's that?"

Now that the man is at the bottom of the stairs, Richie can tell that the guy could probably only reach his shoulder. He was lithe, high cheek bones and hazel eyes. Straight chestnut hair that was parted to the side. He was wearing a flannel, very hipster chic. Something he'd expect from an up and coming part of the South Side. Richie thinks the look suits him.

"Dustin doesn't get up until seven," The guy looks at his watch, lips quirked. "You've got four more hours."

“Who the fuck gets up at seven?” He said, mostly to himself. Richie had came here right after getting off work, even changing in the back office. He had those privileges now since he was a manager. A year ago he had been bussing tables.

“People who work nights? People who smoke abhorrent amounts of marijuana?” The man prattles. Richie raises an eyebrow and the guy seems to scoff. “What kind of answer were you expecting?”

“Abhorrent, huh?” Richie grins, and the guy’s eyes seem to twinkle a bit. “It’s no big deal, I’ll catch him later. Just trying to make my rounds.”

“So you’re the new owner of the building?”

“Word getting around?” Richie is genuinely surprised. The guy he bought it from didn’t seem very attached to the property or the people that lived in it, and he even gave it to Richie for dirt cheap.

“Well, most of the tenants prefer using ‘idiot’ instead of owner.” He leans forward with a laugh and holds his hand out to Richie, which Richie takes. “I’m Will Byers, I live in apartment six. Also, kind of the resident handyman.”

“Richie Tozier, at your service.” Richie pretends to tip a hat that he isn’t wearing after the formal handshake, which was way out of his comfort zone. “Nice to meet you, resident handyman.”

“Not really my official title.” Will corrects, shrugging. “Last guy was too lazy to call anyone. I’m actually an artist.”

Of course he’s an artist. He probably buys four dollar bran muffins from that stupid bakery down the street and rides his bike because it’s more eco-friendly. If only he hadn’t already lived here, then he would be able to charge this guy way more for rent.

“Don’t give me that look.” Will says, arms crossed over his chest. “It’s a real job, and I don’t need some pretentious property owner looking down on me.”

Richie tries to hide his laugh but fails miserably. Will looks like he’s confused, as if he’s not in on some joke. “You sure like big words, don’t ya?” He takes a step away from Mr. Henderson’s door. “Pretentious property owner. I should get a name plate for my nonexistent desk.”

“It’s a fitting title, I think.” Will bites back, and yowza. He was just expecting an eyeroll.

In that moment, standing in the grimy lobby of the apartment building, Richie thinks he’s fallen into a rhythm. A comfortable one that he actually enjoys. Yeah, he can throw around jokes with Bev and Bill all day. He can sometimes even get Bill or Mike to participate, but this was with someone who had the option to walk away. It almost felt like borderline flirting.

Richie had not done that in a while.

“So where are ya from Will Byers, the *artist* ?” He makes sure to add emphasis, mostly just for kicks, and accentuates it with a waffle of his eyebrows.

“Indiana.” Will says, leaning up against the wall next to Dustin Hendersons door. “Small town to big city, you know how it is.”

Richie mimics Wills lean and shakes his head. “I actually don't. ‘m Southside, born and raised.” He mock salutes and watches the small smile that forms on Wills face.

“Hey, babe!” A voice shouts from the top of the stairs.

Well, so much for that incredibly short lived fantasy.

“We have that book signing to get to, what're you-” The man who was walking down the stairs stops for a moment, tilting his head. “This the idiot?”

The man is tall, although not as tall as Richie. His hair looks more like a mop than anything, but it stops shy around his ears. His nose seems to be wrinkled, but that's probably just because he caught sight of Richie. Not to mention the khakis and pretentious striped sweater-

And this Will Byers guy called him pretentious. When he was

dating the boy walking definition of it.

Will just throws Richie a look that says *I told you so* and turns his attention to what must be his boyfriend... or domestic partner. Or whatever.

Richie shouldn't feel ridiculous in front of this douche bag, really. But his hawaiian shorts and sweatshirt scream that he just rolled out of bed or got back from the beach. He feels a bit inadequate but he doesn't know why.

"Yeah, this is the new landlord." Will pushes some hair out of his face, adjusting the collar of his plaid button up. Richie hasn't noticed the paint stain on the sleeve before.

"Bad investment, you know." And even if this guy was a tool, he still stuck out a hand for Richie to shake.

"This is my boyfriend." Will says.

"Nice to meet you, Will's boyfriend." Richie grins, trying to sound pleasant.

He had a feeling this was one of those things, that as time went on, would get worse. The alarms in his head are blaring *Detach yourself while you still can! You have time!* but his heartstrings are being tugged the longer he's standing next to an angel like Will Byers.

It feels like a school girl crush. Besides the fact that Will has a boyfriend. A boyfriend. He should've known. How could an artist afford to live in Chicago all by himself? How could someone as cute and tenacious as Will Byers find himself single in such a big city?

“Mike.” The man supplies, but Richie doesn't miss the way that his eyes narrow just slightly for a second.

“Richie ‘Idiot’ Tozier.” He's positive his own smile doesn't reach his eyes. “Make sure you write that on the check when you pay the rent next week.”

Will is looking at both Richie and Mike a bit too critically for Richie's liking. His brown boot taps on the hardwood floor—and oh god Richies probably going to have to replace it at some point— and his arms are crossed over his chest. When Mike makes some kind of noise that passes as annoyance, however, Will grins.

He fucking *grins*.

Richie prides himself in making terrible first impressions. He remember the first time he did it too. Kindergarten with Mrs. Yancy. That poor woman. And now he's twenty nine years old and back on his bullshit.

He thought he would have to work a little harder to get someone like Mike to hate him. Oh, how wrong he was.



“We've gotta get going, Will.” Mike draws his hand back and doesn't even say goodbye before he heads to the exit of the apartment building. The keys in his hand can be heard jangling all the way until he's out the door.

It's interesting how amused Will looks.

“I brought him with me, yknow.” Will says.

Will says that a lot, Richie has noticed, in their short time together. Like Richie should just know exactly how it is.

The issue with Richie is that he has never ever been good at assessing situations. He's notorious for not knowing when to shut up, or entering at the wrong time. An awkward moment? Richie has created many of them. He's definitely no stranger to awkwardness, but it's easy for him to brush off his should.

“From Indiana, I mean.” Will elaborates. His eyebrows furrow. “Well, I guess he brought me. He's the one with the real job.”

Richie makes some noise akin to disagreement. “I thought being an artist *was* a real job, William.”

As fast as Will had gone into what Richie would describe as a slump, he pulled himself right back out of it. Richie wishes he had

the ability to do something like that. He assumes it's just one of the many talents that Will Byers has in his arsenal.

“You wouldn't know art if it punched you in the face.” He snips back.

“I wouldn't want it to.” Richie says, pushing himself from his leaning position on the wall. He shrugs and adjusts the collar of his shirt. “I'm more of an emotional masochist, I'd say.”

Which wasn't a lie but also....oversharing. He had a bad habit of doing that.

“I think you should catch up with your boyfriend.” Richie pins onto the end, making a helpful suggestion.

He doesn't miss the way that Will looks like a deer in the headlights as he chases after Mike.

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“I think I'm in love with him!” Richie said dramatically, flailing his arms out as he flopped down in a kitchen chair.

Bev looked at him skeptically as she was bent over the deep freeze. July proved to be hot, humid, and any other word that made someone think of sweat. She wasn't even grabbing anything, she just

needed some relief from the heat.

He would be hiding out over at his own place, but the living room, also known as the only room with any air conditioning unit, had been taken. Georgie had made some friends down at the pool, well one friend, named Angelo. Betty, Georgie's self proclaimed best friend, was always hanging around the house in some way.

So while Georgie was making googly eyes at Angelo, and Angelo was making heart eyes back (although they were almost too discreet and shy for Richie to notice), he decided to stay over at Bev's.

"Why's it always July?" Bev mutters as she shuts the freezer. Richie misses the cool air that he could feel from only a few feet away.

Richie sits up a bit, straightening out his back and deciding to stop his perpetual slouch. "I heard that," He grumbles. "And I resent it."

He didn't resent it because she was wrong. In fact, Beverly had a good point. It did always seem to be July, but who could blame him? It was a good month to fall in love. Something about summer and the warm weather.

Decembers were for heartbreak.

"Don't discourage him, Bev." Patty walked in from the living room and squeezed past her girlfriend, getting some juice from the fridge.

“This might be the one.”

Daniel, who seemed to be growing more and more everyday, toddled behind her with his sippy cup in hand. Sooner or later there would be more than gibberish falling from his lips, and he wouldn't fall over every three steps.

Richie does a double take after Patty speaks. “You mean that?”

She unscrews the cap on the apple juice, quickly pouring a cupful for Daniel, who seems content with having a she-demon for a mother. She looks at Richie with a straight face. “No, you dumb fuck.” She says shortly. Daniel bounces away, apple juice in hand. “You just believe everything I say because I never smile.”

“I'm glad we won't be the first ones to get wrinkles, Bev.” He takes both of his hands and pushes his lips into a dramatic frown, similar to that of a drama mask.

Beverly hides a smile behind her hand, and Patty doesn't seem so happy with that. She shoves the apple juice into the fridge, storming off to go supervise her son.

“Oh, c'mon babe!” Beverly calls out after her. She lets out a defeated sigh when there's no response, slouching in the chair next to Richie.

Richie looks over at her. “I could always leave, if need be.”

“Nah, ‘cause then we’ll have to talk about it.”

“Shouldn’t you,” He pauses for a moment, as if he’s recommending something absolutely unheard of and radical. “Do that anyway?”

“We will, she just needs a bit of time to cool off.” Bev shrugs yet again, like it’s second nature. “If you leave, it’ll be an invite for her to blow up.”

No longer worried about pestering Bev about her relationship, Richie quirks a brow. “She could still smile more, y’know.”

Beverly snorts at that, reaching across the table to knab Richie’s glass of ice water. “Oh, she smiles.”

“When?”

“Well, if you didn’t have a dick, you’d know.”

“So if I didn’t have a dick, you’d sleep with me?” Richie says curiously.

“More like...” She pauses. “If you were a woman I’d sleep with you. Regardless of what’s between your legs.”

Richie huffs. “ *I see how it is.*”

She doesn't seem all too offended by 'how it is'. Richie has known Bev for a long time, and she's never gotten offended by too much of anything. “That's how being a lesbian *works*, Richie.”

They talk for awhile after that, maybe an hour or two. The sun begins to go down and the temperature of the whole house becomes a lot more bearable, with the help of the air conditioning unit. He doesn't really want to go home, but he feels like he should probably check up on Georgie just in case no one else had made it home yet.

“I've gotta go, Miss Marsh.” He fakes a curtsy after he gets up out of the rickety kitchen chair.

She leads him to the door, and he makes sure to blow Daniel a kiss on his way out. The kid giggles and tries to run after him, only to be swooped up by Patty. She doesn't seem to happy about having to get up from her comfortable spot on the couch, and Richie tries to convey his apology without speaking.

“Richie,” Beverly says before he can get out of the door. “I think you should go for it.”

He tilts his head a bit, and that's when it hits him. He never told Beverly that Will is already taken. He considers it for a second, but then realized that'd probably be a mood killer at this point.

“Yeah,” Richie breathes. “I think I’ll go for it.”

Beverly pulls him into a tight hug, hooking her chin over his shoulder. Hugs from Beverly were always the best, but then he also realized what words had just come out of his mouth.

He doesn’t even want to know how this one ends.